



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

immediately under her protection. Many stories to this purpose, are related by the lower class in Ireland, and even Christianity has not been able to destroy those superstitious ideas. In the Author's own time, she has known many respectable people credulous on this point." As every great family had formerly its Banshee, the one at Shanes Castle was distinguished by the name of Mavin Roe. Around their description of the burning of the Castle, the country people have thrown a sufficient stock of the marvellous. First, there were

" Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death ;
 " And prophesying with accents terrible,
 " Of dire combustion."

Next the Banshee herself appeared,

" And wrung her tiny hands, and faintly scream'd ;"

and finally, when the building was enveloped in flames, aerial beings were seen,

—————" To fly—to swim—
 " To dive into the fire—to ride on the curled clouds."

Since that event, the Banshee has neither been seen nor heard—the belief of her existence is fading rapidly away—and the storied records of her deeds, will soon become "a tale of the times of old—the voice of years that are gone."

P—.

ISABEL.

POOR Isabel ! though from thy brow
 That joyous light hath faded now,
 Which erst it wore in that gay time,
 When thy young heart was in its prime—
 Though from thine eye the ray hath fled,
 Which kindled love where'er it shone ;
 And every tint that beauty shed
 Upon thy smiling cheek, be gone—
 Poor Isabel ! can I forget
 What once thou wert—when first we met ?
 Can I forget the happy hour,
 When first I saw thy beauty's power ;
 When though the fairest round thee prest,
 Yet, thou wert still the loveliest :
 And ev'ry eye on thee was turn'd,
 And ev'ry heart in secret burn'd,
 With feelings which it fear'd to own,
 Or breathe, except in sighs alone ?—
 O thou wert then a form so bright,
 Who could have dream'd that time could bring
 The deadly blast of grief to blight
 So lovely and so fair a thing ?
 Yet thou art changed—thy beauty's flown,
 That bloom'd so gay in morning's hour,
 E'er yet thy noon of life hath past,
 Lies withered by the scorching blast—
 Poor Isabel ! till o'er thy breast
 The spell-bound chain of love was thrown,
 Each rapturous hope of life was blest,
 And all its dearest joys thine own,

But, when the links were closely twined,
 As if their strength could never part,
 Love broke their spell and left behind
 The ruins of a broken heart—
 Then hour by hour thy beauty's ray,
 In silent sorrow waned away,
 Far in thy inmost mind's recess,
 Had sunk the pangs of deep distress,
 And rankling there it inly dwelt,
 Unknown—untold—yet strongly felt;
 For never sigh, nor murmur rose,
 To tell the anguish of thy woes;
 Yet even thy very silence told,
 Far more than words could e'er unfold—
 Of grief too dread—of heart too proud,
 Though broken thus, and then forsaken—
 To tell its weakness to the crowd,
 Or pity's chilling sigh awaken!
 But who could gaze upon that eye,
 Nor learn thy secret history?
 So fixed, so cold, it seems to know
 No interest now in aught below.
 Alas! thy sadly languid air,
 The settled sorrow breathing there,
 Tells all—the pangs of love unkind,
 The broken heart it left behind.
 And now the beams that sometimes fling
 Unwonted light upon thy brow,
 Seem from no earthly source to spring;
 For O! 'tis like no light below—
 Ah no—'tis from a purer sphere,
 The first faint gleams of sunshine given,
 Even in this world of sorrow here,
 To those whose souls are fixed in heaven.
 Poor Isabel! short time will bring
 That heavenly noon-day to thy breast,
 The dawn already seems to spring:
 Thy spirit shall at length be blest.

C.

To the EDITOR of the BELFAST MAGAZINE.

I HAVE often been led to reflect on the various momentary caprices or whims that have an extensive influence on the mind. I do not allude to those enviable mortals who can vegetate continually from week to week, without one shadow of a new idea passing across their stagnant brain; nor of those perhaps not less happy, who, from inclination or unavoidable circumstances, are plunged in a circulation of thought and business; where the mind hardly feels itself going round in the whirlpool—*Fortunati ambo!* There is another state equally remarkable; to enjoy which a person must possess a little knowledge on all subjects, with a decided preference for none, or, what is the same, with a preference for all in turn: he must have a little imagination, a little ability, a little desire to improve, plenty of time before him, and a happy proneness to the feeling of ennui. Such a person stands a fair chance of wasting his hours, while no vestige of them remains but